

Best Little Purgative

Ever used," writes one lady, in regard to Hood's Pills. "They are so mild and do their work without any griping. I recommend them to all suffering from constiveness. They will certainly bring your habits regular. We use no other cathartic." Hood's Pills are rapidly increasing in favor. 25c.

Never Since the days of Miracles
Have so many wonderful CURES
Been made as today by the use of
DR. THOMSON'S SARSAPARILLA,
THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

REMEMBER
This is not a patent medicine but the life-long study of a celebrated English Doctor, whose portrait is on the front of the carton. It is the only Great Blood Purifier in the world. Don't delay it will cure you of any and all diseases of the Blood, Liver, Stomach and Kidneys.

READ!
Given up by two Doctors. Read what Mrs. Annie Hoyt, of Letete, N. B., says: "My life saved by taking six bottles of Dr. Thompson's Sarsaparilla, the Great English Remedy. She says:

I was given up to die by two celebrated doctors. Thirteen months ago I was a great sufferer with a sore ankle and leg. Could not bear to touch my foot to the floor. It grew worse every day and my leg from the knee to the ankle, began to turn black and mortify. I had to take to my bed. After a time the sore broke and it was awful! It began to eat my flesh away, leaving the bone bare. I sent for the doctor at St. George. He came, examined me and left a wash and salve which I used, receiving no benefit. After a short time I sent for him again and he brought another doctor with him for a consultation. They decided that the only way to save my life was to amputate my leg at the knee, and as I am an old lady of sixty-seven, the chances would be decidedly against my surviving the operation, when I was wasting away to a shadow, I would not allow them to do this. A short time after this, a neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thompson's Sarsaparilla, the Great English Remedy. Said it would purify my blood, give me a new appetite, improve my health and the sore would heal. I sent for six bottles, commenced using it and began to feel better from the start. My leg began to heal and my general health began to improve; after using the six bottles, the sore healed up and I could bear my weight on the foot. I could walk around the house. Just think! For over thirteen months had not been able to touch my foot to the ground or leave my bed, and I have since then walked two miles without resting. It is truly wonderful how well I am today. This great blood purifier saved my life and it gives me great pleasure to testify so. Any one wishing to know further of my case, write me and with pleasure will furnish any further testimonial if by so doing some poor sufferer may be benefited. Mrs. ANNIE HOYT, Letete, N. B., Sept. 1, 1894.

FOR SALE BY
C. C. GROW, Barton.
R. E. FRENCH, Glover.

SAGENDORPH'S PATENT SECTIONAL
Steel Ceilings and
Side Wall Finish.
For Churches and Residences. Catalogue, prices and estimates, on application to the Sagendorphs, THE FINEST ROOFING & SHEET METAL WORK, Phila., Pa. Also makers of Lightning, Fire and Storm-Proof Steel Roofing and Siding. Get circulars.

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SHOES

\$4.00

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These shoes fit to perfection and wear as only the best of leather can. They're shapely, pliant—the most comfortable of footwear. They always manage to let in air and keep out water.

Surely Your Dealer Sells Them.
Sold by GEO. H. DAVIS.

Coal!
Wood!!
Lumber!!!

Have just received a quantity of pine lath which I will sell at reasonable prices. Also, a lot of sheathing paper.
First-class goods and satisfaction guaranteed. All fine coal re-screened. Good assortment of matched lumber, laths, shingles, etc. Lumber yard just south of tab shop. Orders promptly filled and goods delivered to any part of village. Yours for trade,

C. W. TENNEY.

CARRIAGE TRIMMING,
UPHOLSTER WORK,
Shoes and Boot Repairing,
Saw Filing!

H. W. PHILLIPS.

AMERICAN MARKSMEN.

Uncle Sam's Soldiers Are Accounted the Finest in the World.

The finest soldier marksmen in the world are those of the United States. Their skill has been developed under a system of competition wherein medals and other badges of honor are awarded to the victors. In this branch of the military art the militia is actually ahead of the regular army. Only the other day at Sea Girt, N. J., the national guard team of the District of Columbia broke the world's record at 200, 500 and 600 yards, only three of the men falling below 90 out of a possible 105. General Miles said that it was the most marvelous exhibition of long distance firing that he ever saw. Our riflemen are not equal to the British at 800, 1,000 and 1,200 yards. They make a specialty of those long ranges. But at 200 to 600 yards, where a man stands up and is exposed to the force of the wind, the Americans excel. In the army a soldier earns this designation of "marksman" by making a score of 65 per cent. If he does 80 per cent, he is rated as a "sharpshooter." The highest grade is that of "distinguished marksman," to reach which requires a score above 90 per cent.

The war department distributes 176 medals annually. Of these 25 are gold, 61 silver and 90 bronze. There are six kinds of gold medals for various grades of achievement, five kinds of silver medals and three kinds of bronze medals. All of them are made at the mint in Philadelphia. The gold ones are very handsome. Of all of them the finest bears the design of an Indian shooting a buffalo with a bow and arrow, with the legend, "First Class Prize Distinguished Marksman." It contains \$100 worth of gold. However, a change is to be made, and the medals are not to be made of precious metal in the future. The reason is simply that the soldier when hard up is tempted to pawn his hard earned decoration of honor.

The national guard of the District of Columbia, being federal militia, has the government medals. Everywhere else the militia uses and pays for such medals as it chooses. In this matter there is a movement in the direction of uniformity, in order that the sharpshooter in one state may be equal in respect to skill to a sharpshooter in another state. In Pennsylvania almost any citizen soldier can be a sharpshooter. All that is required is that he shall make 80 per cent at 200 and 500 yards, and he may shoot the whole season until he gets those scores. In the regular army a sharpshooter receives a silver cross and pin, which he wears on his left breast. After qualifying as a sharpshooter for three years he gets a silver bar, which is attached between the pin and the cross. For each additional three years during which he qualifies an extra bar is given to him. Soldiers who earn the designation of marksman wear distinctive buttons on the coat collar, and after three years they receive a marksman's pin.—Boston Transcript.

A Negro Lightning Calculator.
Octavus Flannaghan is a dull eyed, ignorant negro of 35 years of age who has wonderful aptness for figures. Three years ago Flannaghan could not calculate what two pounds of cotton would bring if cotton was 5 cents a pound. Three years ago, however, while Flannaghan was steadily chopping cotton, a sudden thought came to him. He turned to the negro nearest to him and yelled out, "A bale er cotton dat weighs 500 pound w'en cotton is gwine at 7 3-16 cents, will fetch \$35.93 3/4." Since then Flannaghan has proved a prodigy. He was given the following sum yesterday: If one-third of 6 is 3, what is one-fourth of 20? Flannaghan's answer was 7 1/2. Flannaghan says that God gave him his power. The negro is here with Clifton Newton of Demopolis, Ala., who says of Flannaghan: "The negroes in the section of Alabama where he came from believe that he is afflicted with a devil, and will have nothing to do with him. He cannot tell one figure from another on paper." Flannaghan will be in Atlanta during the exposition.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Pin Was Found.
At an entertainment in Dublin a thought reader boasted that he could find a marked pin hidden by one of the audience. The pin was hidden by a Trinity student in an adjoining room in the presence of a committee, among whom was a confederate. The student, suspecting the man from his looks, slyly took away the pin from his hiding place. On his return to the platform the thought reader gazed into the hider's face, and putting his hand to his brow was blindfolded and led the student to the hiding place, but of course could find no pin. He returned, acknowledged his defeat, and looked daggers at his confederate. "Now, gentlemen," said the student, "I'll undertake to say that if this diviner of the human mind will do as I tell him half the audience, without a single hint, will know where the pin is," and turning to the thought reader he said, "Sit down." He did so. There was a yell, and jumping up the thought reader hastily pulled from his coat tails the marked pin.—Dublin Mail.

On a Sure Enough Silver Basis.
Something quite remarkable came into the redemption division of the treasury at Washington a short time ago. It was a thin plate of silver about two feet long, into the surface of which a \$10 silver certificate had been pressed in such a manner as to incorporate its substance actually with that of the metal. It was a brand new bill, and in the process had been squeezed out to about twice its original size. Nevertheless, it was perfectly recognizable.

A statement accompanied it to the effect that a workman in a silverware factory had dropped the bill accidentally upon the plate of silver as the latter was passing through a rolling machine. This explanation being satisfactory, a fresh \$10 certificate was returned to the loser.—Philadelphia Record.

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN.

Plan of the Institution to Be Started in Bronx Park.

Bronx park, in which the New York botanical garden is to be established, is about two miles in length and about half a mile in width, contains 653 acres, and extends along both sides of the Bronx river, from a point about a quarter of a mile south of Williamsbridge station, on the New York and Harlem railroad, in a southerly direction to West Farms. Under the act of incorporation the citizens forming the corporation known as the New York Botanical garden are obliged to raise a sum of not less than \$250,000 as an endowment fund. When that sum is provided the board of commissioners of the department of public parks is authorized and directed to set apart a portion of Bronx park, not exceeding 250 acres, for the purpose of the botanical garden. Of the \$250,000 required \$239,000 has already been subscribed, and there is every prospect that the remaining \$11,000 will soon be raised. A committee of the scientific directors of the garden, who are ex officio members of the board of managers, is now engaged, in conjunction with experts appointed by the park board, in considering the question of location.

It is proposed to show in the outdoor department as great a variety of plants as will grow in this climate. They will be selected on account of their beauty, their uses and their general interest, and will include a collection of plants arranged by botanical affinities. There will be an arboretum, in which all trees that will endure our climate will be grown. The arboretum will require a large space, probably not less than 75 acres. Special attention can be given to aquatic plants on account of the great facilities afforded for this purpose by the Bronx river.

Under the act of incorporation it is provided that when the \$250,000 referred to shall have been raised the city shall appropriate \$500,000 for the construction and equipment of buildings. There is to be a building for a botanical museum, in which it will be sought to collect specimens of all the products of plants. This building will contain also laboratories, lecture rooms and an herbarium, which, it is hoped, will ultimately contain specimens of all known plants. There will be a large number of greenhouses of various sizes, which will contain growing plants in as great variety as possible from warm and tropical countries. These plants will be grouped in the different houses. One house will be devoted to palms, another to orchids, a third to ferns, a fourth to cacti, and so on. The garden will be open in winter as well as in summer. The botanical museum will be equally interesting at all seasons, and, with winter scenes without, the greenhouses will be especially attractive.—New York Letter.

Reciprocity in Business.
A citizen of businesslike aspect stepped up in front of a corner fruit stand the other morning and said, pointing to a basket of ripe, fresh looking Concord grapes:

"Give me a dime's worth of those."

"All rights," responded the merchant, proceeding to fill a small sack from another basket.

"Not those," interposed the customer. "I told you I wanted them from that other lot."

"Same kinda," rejoined the other imperturbably. "All alike."

"But they're not the same kind. They're the poorest you've got. I want them out of that basket over there or I don't want any. Do you understand?"

"You can't work off any selected, hand sorted, third class grapes on me."

The fruit merchant began to put them back in the basket.

"All rights," he said. "You go get 'em 'cross the street. No break that basket."

"Hold on," exclaimed the citizen. "On second thought I'll take them. Hand them over. Here's your money."

The exchange was made and the customer started off.

"Here!" called out the fruit man.

"This no good?"

"This 10 cents."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Cannadian."

"That's all right, my friend," said the businesslike citizen. "It's made from the same kind of metal other 10 cent pieces are made of. Silver's all alike. I've got some American dimes, but I am not going to break on them. See? Good day."—Chicago Tribune.

An Old Fire Horse's Good Memory.
Eleven years ago a horse was purchased for the fire engine Portland No. 2, on Munjoy Hill. The horse was called Old Tom, and it helped draw the engine for six years and was then disposed of. It has been drawing an ash cart of late years, and the other day went by the engine house. Engineer Loring, who knew the horse well, since they came to that engine in the same year and were there together for six years, fell into conversation with the driver and told him that he hadn't a doubt that if the old horse was put in his old stall and the gong was sounded he would rush for his place in front of the engine just as he used to do. The driver doubted this and they agreed to try it. The old horse, now 15 years old, was put in his old stall, where he hadn't been for five years. At the first sound of the gong he started for his old place under the harness in front of the engine. He tried to go quickly, but made but a sorry exhibition of nimbleness compared with his former habit.—Portland Press.

For Stilling Troubled Waters.
Oil is no longer to be poured on troubled water. It is to be fired like a shell from a gun. As a wave approaches a bomb filled with oil is to be precipitated in its direction. The bladder will be perforated with small holes so the oil will run out slowly and continue its work for a greater length of time than would otherwise be the case.

WHY THE BICYCLE IS SO POPULAR.

The evolution of the bicycle from the original idea of manumission down to the present diamond-framed rear driver has been by certain positive steps, each step marking a distinct advance in the grand march of improvement.

In schools are taught some of the revolutions wrought by the steam engine, the telegraph and the loom, but the schools of the future will surely take notice of the wonders wrought by the bicycle, and will teach something about the Draisine or "go devil," the velocipede, the bicycle, and all such inventions of whatever name, by which man is enabled to travel quickly, merely through the application of his own muscular powers.

What makes the bicycle so popular with all classes of people? Cheapness? No; the trolley or cable is cheaper. Speed? No. If one merely wants to travel fast there is the railroad. Luxury? No. The brougham is far ahead of the bicycle on that score. And yet people with all these things at their command have taken to bicycling with great fervor. It must be because of the outdoor exercise, you say. No, again. The term outdoor comprehends infinite space, and as for forms of exercise—well, they are without limit. There never was a complaint of either outdoors or methods of exercise in it.

The secret seems to lie in the fact the wheel has revealed to us that our natural powers of locomotion have been multiplied. "Two blades have been made to grow where one was before."

The draught upon our strength necessary to walk a mile is sufficient to enable us on a wheel to travel five miles or more.

Astride of it "magnificent distances" become insignificant. What a glorious feeling of freedom comes over us when the countryside, smiling and gay, brings to the rider a sort of contagious happiness! We have not had to be carried there by the horse or the railroad, and we are proud to say, "I did it!"

Inventors of auxiliary power appliances for bicycles should take notice of the fact that the secret to-day of the bicycle's popularity is not merely because a person is enabled to ride fast or far, but because the riding was without foreign assistance. Vanity and egotism cut a considerable figure in the wheel's popularity. To say "I rode on an electric motor bicycle to Albany to-day," would mean the same as to say, "I rode on a railroad train to Albany to-day." But to say, "I rode my wheel to Albany today," means something entirely different. The rider who did this in fast time would be hailed with great applause, and the telegraph would announce the fact to the world.

In improving the bicycle the main idea is to get the most results out of the least power applied by man to the pedals. Auxiliary power has nothing to do with bicycle improvement. It belongs to a class of inventions designed to carry or convey, not to those by which man carries himself.—The Outlook.

A DROP OF WATER.

The water which is now in the ocean and in the rivers has been many times in the sky. The history of a single drop taken out of a glass of water on your table is really a romantic one. No traveller has even accomplished such distances in his life. That particle may have reflected the palm trees of coral islands, and has caught the sun-ray in the arch that spans a cloud clearing away from the valleys of Cumberland or California. It may have been carried by the Gulf Stream from the shores of Florida and Cuba, to be turned into a crystal of ice beside the precipices of Spitzbergen.

It may have hovered over the streets of London, and have formed part of a murky fog, and have glistened on the young grass-blades of April in Irish fields. It has been lifted up to heaven and sailed in great wool-pack clouds across the sky, forming part of a cloud mountain echoing with thunder. It has hung in a fleecy veil many times above the earth at the close of long seasons of still weather. It has descended many times over in showers to refresh the earth, and has sparkled and bubbled in mossy fountains in every country in Europe.

And it has returned to its native skies, having accomplished its purpose, to be stored once again with electricity to give it new life producing qualities and equip it as heaven's messenger to earth once more.

Whatever may be the truth or the falsities of the stories that are told of the scarcity of funds in a country editor's pocket, or the scarcity of food in his stomach, the stories are always told, and neither the progress of education nor the growth and development of the press seems to have any effect upon the crop.

One of the latest comes from Kentucky, where the mountain editor, at least rarely develops into a Cressus or an Apicius, and this one is concerning a mountain editor.

A subscriber had remembered him very kindly, and a day or two later a visitor called at his office, "Can I see the editor?" he inquired of the grimy little "devil" roosting on a high stool. "No, sir," replied the youth on the stool. "He's sick."

"What's the matter with him?" "Dun'no," said the boy. "One of our subscribers gave him a bag of flour and a bushel of potatoes t'other day, and I reckon he's fondered."—Harper's Magazine.

Kitty—"Tom is down south this winter and he just sent me the love-letter little alligator you ever saw."

Ada—"How are you going to keep him?"

Kitty—"I don't know; but I've put him in Florida water until I hear from Tom."

She—I got a letter from papa to-day, saying that he made his will.

He—Do we come in anywhere?

She—Not directly; but he has left all his money to an asylum for idiots.

HOW AN ADVERTISEMENT SAVED A WOMAN'S LIFE.

(SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.)
"For four years I suffered with female troubles. I was so bad that I was compelled to have assistance from the best doctors, but they did not help me. One day while looking over the paper I saw the advertisement of your Vegetable Compound. I thought I would try it. I did so, and found relief. I was in bed when I first began to take the Compound. After taking four bottles, I was able to be up and walk around, and now I am doing my house work. Many thanks to Mrs. Pinkham for her wonderful Compound. It saved my life."—Mrs. HATTIE MADAM, 184 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.
More evidence in favor of that never failing female remedy, *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*.

relief. I was in bed when I first began to take the Compound. After taking four bottles, I was able to be up and walk around, and now I am doing my house work. Many thanks to Mrs. Pinkham for her wonderful Compound. It saved my life."—Mrs. HATTIE MADAM, 184 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Time Has Come to Paint PAINT, PAINT!

You will find a Larger Stock and of Greater Variety than was ever shown in town before. Warranted strictly Pure Lead in Oil, Calcutta Linseed Oil, French Zinc, Turpentine, Japans, Pat. Dryer, &c.

The Best Mixed Paint in the market, the Longman & Martinez Takes half oil, which makes it cheap in price. Have sold it twenty years, so it is no experiment.

Masury's Paste Paint,
Cheap and durable. Seven gallons oil to 100 pounds of dry paint. Floor Paint in all shades and several different makes—all prices. Canriage colors in oil and Japan; also ground in varnish.

Brushes, Brushes, Brushes, Brushes,
From the smallest artist to the largest Alabastine brushes. Try our hardwood floor varnish. All kinds of varnish for any use. Alabastine all shades. In fact, anything you want in the paint line. You will find we have it at right prices.

H. C. Pierce, Barton.

SALVATION OIL

The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain. Cures permanently Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Sprains, Cuts, Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Swellings, Backache or any other pain. SALVATION OIL is sold everywhere for 25 cts. Refuse substitutes.

Chew LANGE'S PLUGS, The Great Tobacco Antidote, 10c. Dealers or mail A.C. Meyer & Co., Baltimore, Md.



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Only one sample of our many bargains in Chairs.
CARPETS AND SHADES.
We have just received a nice line of Carpetings and Shades. Always glad to show goods.
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